

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

—THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.

Number 39 of Volume 22.

SALISBURY, N. C., SEPTEMBER 2, 1842.

Whole Number 1,133.

TERMS OF THE
WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

CHAS. F. FISHER,
Editor and Proprietor.

The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published every Friday Morning, at \$2 per annum in advance—or \$2 50 if paid within three months—otherwise \$3 will invariably be charged. No paper will be discontinued except at the Editor's discretion until all arrears are paid, if the subscriber is worth the subscription; and the failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, at least one month before the end of the year subscribed, will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements conspicuously and correctly inserted at \$1 per square—(of 340 ems, or fifteen lines of this sized type)—for the first insertion, and 25 cent. for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A deduction of 33½ per cent. from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers. All advertisements sent for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Letters addressed to the Editor on business must come FREE OR POSTAGE, or they will not be attended to.

JOB PRINTING,
SUCH AS,

CIRCULARS,
CARDS,
LABELS,
WAY BILLS,
HORSE BILLS,

Neatly and expeditiously executed at this Office.

FOR SALE.
THE SUB
fers for sale
a fine new
carriage and
lent services
HORSES.

JOHN L. SHAVER.

April 22, 1842.

SALISBURY FACTORY.

THIS establishment is now in complete operation.

The Company are manufacturing

Cotton Yarn, Sheetings, Shirtings and Osnaburg, of a superior quality,

which they offer to the public at the lowest market prices. Merchants and others who will examine qualities, and compare prices, will find it to their interest to purchase. J. RHODES BROWNE, AGT.

Salisbury, June 3, 1842.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has opened a Public House, in Mocksville, Davie County, where he is prepared to accommodate

Borderers and Travellers in a style which he hopes will prove satisfactory to all who may favor him with their custom.

His Stables will be abundantly furnished with every thing necessary in the line of Provender;—his Bar well supplied with a variety of liquors.

The charges will be moderate. All riotous and disorderly conduct will be strictly prohibited. Call and answer me. E. R. BRICKHEAD.

March 11, 1842.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

THERE is a large quantity of Plank, Scantling and other building materials on hand for Sale at the Mill of Charles Fisher, on South Yadkin River, formerly Pearson's Mill.

ALSO—

A quantity of choice curled Maple Plank, suitable for making house-furniture of various kinds.

Any quantity of sawn Shingles can be furnished at a very short notice. These Shingles are always made out of heart pine, or yellow poplar,—of a regular size, and require no planing, but can be nailed on the roof just as they fall from the saw.—Price \$3 per 1000 at the Mill.

WILLIAMSON HARRIS, AGT.

December 31, 1841.

Wanted,

THREE or four families to work at the Salisbury Factory—none but those who can come well recommended for industry, and sobriety, need apply.

J. RHODES BROWNE, AGT.

Salisbury, June 3, 1842.

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber having determined on removing to the South, wishes to dispose of his valuable Plantation, lying within three miles of Salisbury, on the State road leading to Mr. Locke's bridge and to Lexington, Salem and Raleigh, &c.; it is the same formerly owned by William H. Slaughter, Esq., and it is pre- and generally known. The track contains

260 ACRES,

one of which is cleared and under cultivation, and about ten of it first rate meadow land, it is watered by Lure Creek and two branches which run through the land, an excellent orchard, consisting of a great variety of choice fruit.

Apple, Peach and Cherry Trees.

There are two dwelling houses on the tract, the one on the road is well calculated for a house of entertainment, it being a large two story building, very convenient, having all necessary out houses conveniently arranged, and supplied with an excellent spring of water. The other dwelling house is near the meadow ground, and a first rate spring, from which it is supplied with water, and a large barn which makes it convenient for keeping away hay. The above property is pleasantly situated, and remarkably healthy.

The subscriber being anxious to sell will give a bargain, those wishing for further information can be gratified by calling on the premises, or the subscriber.

JOHN T. BOWLES.

Walnut Ridge, Rowan Co., N. C.,

April 29, 1842.

Blanks For Sale Here.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston *Miscellany* for June.

CATOCHUS.

It was a breathless night in June. My windows were all open, and yet the flame of my candle scarcely flickered. I had become deeply interested in the pages of a new book, and was heedless of the lapse of time, or the circumstances around me, until suddenly a moth fluttered into the flame, and the crackling of its filmy wings attracted my attention. Upon glancing at my watch which lay beside me on the table, I found to my surprise that it was already midnight. I determined thereupon to read no more, and shutting my book, walked across the room to draw the curtain, intending immediately to go to bed, but the moonlight shone so pleasantly in at the window, that I was forced to sit down and lean upon the sill, and gaze upon the scene. There were a few thin whitish clouds hanging around the horizon, like the distant wings of an enormous spirit, but otherwise, the sky was perfectly cloudless. Above the moon was shining peacefully, and below, the world of green lay dreaming in its misty shroud, half obscured, save where the curving river glancing in the moonlight, shone like a burnished belt of steel. There is a strange fascination in sitting in the moonlight and for almost an hour I sat leaning out into the air. All was quiet save the monotonous musical gurgle of frogs in the pond, and at intervals the rustling of green leaves as a tremulous breath of wind swelled gently and then died away, or the prolonged bark of some far off dog. I had fallen into a vague reverie when I heard the bell strike the hour of one. I arose and went to bed. But no sooner had I left the window than I felt a sharp pain shoot through my head, which after recurring at intervals through the next half hour, finally settled into a raging headache. My brain throbbed violently and seemed loose in my head, so that every motion added to the pain. It was as if an iron hand compressed my temples within its gripping fingers. I lay thus tossing, restless and sleeping for several hours, and finally fell asleep.

I dreamed that I was lying beside a waterfall, half asleep. The water rushed hissing down beside me as if an ocean was loosened, and hurried boiling fiercely, down the rocky declivity. The air was dizzied with spray, which fell over me like hot sparks, and the trees above me, seen through it seemed at times human skeletons, which bent their long bony arms down to my face, and then slowly rising uplifted themselves into the air, and became natural trees again. A thousand circled entangling and interlacing, dilated and contracted incessantly, then slowly the motion decreased and they kept creeping around more gently, until they swam into a broad sea of smooth, glassy water, and fading out of my sight, left the air above me all calm and clear. Soon a small eye seemed placidly looking at me that grew larger and larger, until it filled the wide ring of the horizon; then it changed into a face which looked close into my eyes; gradually the features became distorted into a hideous mask, and grunted, and then a thousand similar faces crowded one upon another, until the air seemed full of them; they were huddled together and tossed about without body like the waves of the ocean. Now I suddenly seemed to be crawling on my hands and knees over slimy and slippery rocks, which were covered with damp green sea weed. As I groped along, the sea-weed began to change into snakes, until the rocks seemed alive with nauseous crawling reptiles that rubbed their slimy sides against my limbs and cheeks, and cast over me a dreadful chill of horror;—all my flesh seemed to creep, and the very scalp to move on my skull. In the midst of my horror and torment, I heard the wild ringing of a bell. I suddenly and convulsively opened my eyes and heard the breakfast bell ringing. For a moment I experienced the most grateful relief from the torment of this night mare, which has more than once thus affected me—and no one can tell the glad gush of feeling which came over me, when I found all this horrible scene was but a dream. I lay thus for a moment, thinking of the change, and then resolved to spring from the bed and dress myself immediately; but what was my surprise and horror, when I found I could not move. My body and limbs seemed rigid as marble and of an intolerable weight. I could neither turn my head, nor hand or foot. My eyeballs were fixed on a spot upon the white wall above my head, and I could neither turn them nor draw down the lid. In vain I strove to move. I was perfectly stiff and stupid and without the power of motion. There seemed to be some appalling disconnection between the will and the muscular system—between the mind and the body, as if my living soul was chained Mezenzies like to a dead body. There was no pain—only a fearful sensation as if the whole air had congealed into a firm transparent amber, which held me strictly imprisoned.

Suddenly, like the swift track of a falling star, the thought shot across my mind that I was dead. Yes, that could be the only solution of this dreadful enigma—I was sure that I was dead, but Oh God! can this be death? Had we been always mistaken, and did the soul remain thus to haunt the body, without the ability to cast it off? Was death only a suspension of power over this fibrous mass, and these finely organized senses, and nicely adjusted muscles? Only the breaking of one link in the subtle chain, that connected all the faculties and powers with their instruments? Perhaps the soul was never freed until the body had rotted off, little by little, into a mass of corruption, and exhaled or failed to dry dust; and I was destined to inhabit the living house, and feel it slough away from me and perish, ere I could emerge into the light and beauty of a renewed life. This I had never dreamed of, and all the joy and luxury of existence, all the sense of light and sunshine and fresh air, all the thousand fond delights with which God has strewn this pictorial world, were not worth such a price. Upon these lips the worm should feed, and I could not drive them away; these eyes through which the soul had looked upon a mild and glorious world, as through clear glasses, would change until they were loathsome and corrupted. Oh God! the agony of such a thought. Nothing I had ever imagined equalled it in terror! And when I recalled the dead faces of those whom I had loved and buried, and remembered the benign and placid smile which shone upon them, like the last foot prints of the freed and rejoicing spirit as it fled heavenward, and which seemed to bekened

the recognition by the soul of a diviner sense, as it was leaving its clay tenements—and thought that, perchance, even at the very moment while I was bending over them to take a last farewell look, with this feeling in my heart, they were enduring the same fierce, burning torments—the same feelings of horror and despair that now gnawed me like a burning worm; it seemed to me as if all the joys I had ever known on earth would not counterbalance so dreadful a doubt.

I heard my name called from below; I made another effort, but my tongue was torpid and dull as lead. Still I could not resign myself to the thought that I was dead. I inwardly declared that I would move—I strove with almost superhuman exertions, but in vain—I could not take my eyes from that spot on the wall, which had become obscured because I must see it. Side was through my eyes I felt the pleasant sunshine glowing into the room; and over my head the busy flies hummed and buzzed incessantly, and crept now and then across my face.

How long and tedious seemed the moments; they were years to my excited mind—and no one came. An age of torment seemed to have passed when I heard a light tap at my door—I could not answer it. Again I heard a louder knock; I knew it was my sister, for she spoke and called me by name. The door opened and she came forward cautiously, and again spoke as she approached the bed. She looked a moment at me and touched me—I did not speak, but lay motionless with my eyes strained at that infernal spot. She paused a moment, and then, uttering a piercing scream, ran to the door and called for my mother. Instantly the horror of the cry brought the family to my bedside. They lifted my hand and it fell again upon the coverlid. They felt of my heart—there was not a flutter of a pulse, for all that it seemed to me as if hell itself, could not be worse than the torment that I was enduring. I heard quick convulsive sobs, and felt a soft hand smooth my hair from my forehead. Some one said—“He must have died in a fit; and yet how calm his face is.” “Yes,” was the answer, “he probably suffered no pain and died almost immediately—perhaps in his sleep.” The voice grew more distant and murmuring and one came to the door. Soon the door opened, and the face of the family physician intercepted the damned spot for a moment. Now, thought I, he will know that I am not dead, and will relieve me from this situation. He felt of my heart and pulse for a moment, and then I heard him say, in answer to the anxious inquiries. “Yes, madam, I am sorry to say he is entirely gone. My art can avail him nothing.” The voices then became lower, and I listened in vain.

It was a long dark pause—then the shutters were closed, and persons trod lightly across the floor, and spoke to each other in an undertone, as if the place were sacred. That silent awe which pervades the chamber of death, and hushes the voice as if the senseless clay could hear, had passed over their spirits like breath stirs upon glass. I heard the low confused murmur of voices drone through the darkened chamber. Now and then the door opened and some one bent over me and gazed at me, while scalding tears fell upon my face. Then the room was emptied of all persons, and I was left alone in the darkness and stillness. I listened for voices, for any thing was better than this dreary stillness—but in vain: a spell was on the house: its sounds of laughter, its footsteps, its bustle and noise were gone: every step was careful and slow, and heavy—each a chapter. So went on hour after hour and I still lay helpless, and longing for the moment when I should be able to move and loosen myself from the close deadly grasp which almost pressed the life out of the body. As I lay thus, I suddenly heard a bird's gush of song from the tree beneath my window: how joyously it warbled, unconscious of the agony so near it—and how my heart sickened within me as I heard it.

Soon persons came and wrapped me up in white linen, and swathed my limbs and made the horrid funeral arrangements. Some one said, “How ghastly his eyes look,” and then gently pressed down the lids over the balls of my eyes. Never till that moment did I dream that that accursed spot, on which my gaze had been riveted for many hours, could become dear to me. The thought that we are viewing an object, however mean, for the last time, always raises it in importance, and gives it a fictitious charm; and now this spot to me was the straw to a drowning man, the silver line of sunlight in a prisoner's dungeon—the last link with this visible earth. I strove in vain to keep open the lids—slowly they yielded to the pressure of the fingers, and gradually the range of vision became more and more confined, until all was utterly out. Never before had the fear of being buried alive gripped itself, but now it came over me like a gulping wave. I thought that I should be laid down alive in the charnel house among the decaying corpses and stifled from the clear breath of heaven, famish, if indeed I were not dead then. All the frightful stories of such occurrences that I had ever read came to my mind, and the hope of ultimate recovery grew feebler and feebler.

The night came: and how dreary and unending it seemed. One after another I heard the hours struck by the clock, until at last, from pure exhaustion, I lost my sensation. It must have been late in the morning when I returned to consciousness. I felt hands upon me—they were lifting me into my coffin! I heard them screw in screw after screw until the lid was fastened, and only the narrow space over my face remained open. I felt the sides of the coffin jar and rub against my arms, and I despaired that I should ever recover my power of motion.

The coffin was lifted and placed upon the table. Some one asked when I was to be buried!—“This afternoon,” was the answer—“he has been dead two days.” I had then been unconscious for the length of the whole day. Now the time instead of drawing a weary length, seemed to fly with rapidity like lightning. The past seemed endlessly long—the future was fore shortened to a breath, a moment. The clock ticked faster and faster, and time seemed to pour itself away in rapid moments, as a rising thundercloud empties its herculean, heavy drops more and more rapidly.

It was afternoon—the company gathered—the shutter crept beside me, and the window was opened. I felt the warm breath of the spring air steal over my face like a delicious odor. I heard the birds singing among the branches, and the

gentle rustling of the waving trees as the wind stirred among the leaves. I thought of all the gladsome earth—the blue sky—of the rippling brooks, half sunlight, half shadow—of the early evening clouds, whose colors shift like colors on the dove's neck—or the stars, of the moon, of the swelling and heaving ocean, and clung to the memory of them with a mute despair, loving them more the nearer I came to loosing them.

At last the clock whispered hour about the room ceased—the clock ticked loudly, and the clergyman's voice repeated those first sentences in the garrison for the dead—“I am the resurrection and the light,” &c.

His voice ceased—I gave myself up to despair. I tried to resign myself to the dreadful thought that I was to be buried alive. Some one lifted the lid to screw it down ere I should be removed: I heard a faint exclamation from some one bending over me—“God! God! he must be alive yet; there are drops of perspiration now upon his forehead!—Bring a mirror and place it to his lips, he may breathe yet.” It seemed that the extremity of my agony had worn out a cold dew upon my skin—No sooner had the words been spoken than there was a wild hurry and suppressed exclamations of fear, and doubt, and surprise about the room.

What a moment of agony was the next! the fearful anticipation, lest, after all, there should be no sign of breath, was worse than before. The mirror was brought, and then I knew by the sudden and fearful cry, that my real state, that of Catochus, was at last known.

I was bled instantly; between my lips a few drops of brandy were forced, and my limbs and head were fomented with heated cloths, with such effect, that in two hours I regained my power of motion and sat up, though weak from loss of blood and entirely exhausted by the dreadful suffering through a fiery ordeal.

Believe me, these pains I would not suffer again, if the price should be a shoveling of all the wealth and glory that the world can bestow. Such suffering does not leave a man where he finds him. I rose an altered man, with my mind and mental constitution completely changed. The main incident of this story, however improbable it may seem, is founded upon a fact, and has occurred within a range of *first writer's* experience. Catochus is only a *peculiar* form of Catalepsy, in which the patient retains the use of his various senses, while the power of motion is entirely suspended. Some one said—“He must have died in a fit; and yet how calm his face is.” The voice then became lower, and I listened in vain.

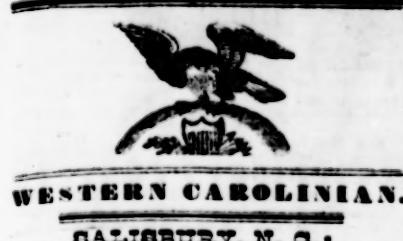
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WESTERN CAROLINIAN.
SALISBURY, N. C.

Friday, September 9, 1842.

Mr. Calhoun's Speech on the Tariff Bill.—In our next we shall publish Mr. Calhoun's great speech on the second Bill of Abominations last passed by Congress, and we bespeak for it, in advance, the most careful consideration of our readers. Mr. Calhoun shows the injustice and oppression of this iniquitous measure, in a manner to make every freeman's blood boil.

GREAT CALHOUN MEETING.

The Republicans of old Mecklenburg held on the 23d ultimo, a great meeting in Charlotte, and unanimously nominated John C. Calhoun for the next Presidency. We learn from private accounts, as well as through the *Jeffersonian*, that the meeting was not only unanimous in this movement, but that a feeling of great enthusiasm characterized the proceedings. From the notice of the *Jeffersonian*, which we extract, it will be seen that all the leading Democrats and some of the Whigs of the County, and prominent ones too, took an active and zealous part on the occasion.

This is a highly propitious movement. In 1775 Mecklenburg, unaided and alone, with the daring spirit which struck for Liberty in our great Revolution, first hoisted the flag of Independence in a contest that was crowned with success and glory; and now from the same spot, and by the sons of the same noble Patriots, we see the flag of *Reform* flung out to the breeze as the signal of success in a great cause that must triumph if the South prove true to herself. We hail it as a glad omen and with this banner "on the outward wall," under the lead of old Mecklenburg, well worthy to take the front rank in such a cause, many will follow. Her call will be responded to with enthusiasm from the mountains to the sea.

The *Jeffersonian* makes this notice of the meeting.

THE REPUBLICAN BANNER UNFURLED.

The meeting in this County, on the subject of the Presidency, on Tuesday last was among the largest we have ever seen in old Mecklenburg. Though the early part of the day was inclement and many Democrats who were anxious to attend, could not get to town in consequence of high waters, the Courthouse was filled to overflowing—all evincing a deep interest in the proceedings of the meeting. That veteran Democrat, Dr. STEPHEN FOX, presided, assisted by Capt. JOHN WALKER, Col. HENRY HOOVER, and CALER ERWIN and ROBERT LEXONIS, Esqrs., as Vice Presidents, Secretaries, J. K. HARRISON and J. S. ALEXANDER. A Committee was appointed, who reported a preamble and resolution nominating the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, of South Carolina, as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency—subject to the contingency, however, that if, through the medium of a National Convention, or otherwise, it shall be ascertained that some other distinguished gentleman bearing our principles, meets more fully the approbation of the Democratic party throughout the Union, we, loving our principles more than we would of course be ready to unite upon him.

The Committee who drew the preamble and resolution did not hand them in in time for this week's paper; they will appear in our next. In the mean time, we would urge upon the friends of this distinguished statesman, to speak out in his favor in their primary assemblies, as old Mecklenburg has done. Here, where the sacred fire of liberty first burst forth in the Revolution, Mr. CALHOUN has received his first formal nomination. May this not be prophetic? As the Declaration of Independence made here by the Democratic worthies of 75, spread its influence throughout the Colonies, and roused to action the slumbering energies of the friends of liberty, so may this nomination, made on the same hallowed spot, rouse to action the friends of free principles in all parts of the Union, and lead them to rally around the standard of the greatest statesman and purest patriot of the age. Mr. CALHOUN is the almost unanimous choice of the Democracy throughout the Southern States; and we have not the least doubt, from the tone of the public press at the north, and from other sources of information, that he is stronger even there than any other man spoken of in the Democratic ranks.

We are pleased to see in our meeting on Tuesday, quite a considerable number of Whigs—Whigs who voted for Morehead on the 4th instant, taking an active part in the proceedings, and who now openly declare themselves for Calhoun for President. One of the most distinguished gentlemen in the Whig party in Western North Carolina now publicly declares his preference for Mr. CALHOUN over any man in the Union. These signs are cheering indeed, and should urge the friends of equal rights in North Carolina to raise at once the banner of CALHOUN throughout the State.

The meeting made no nomination for Vice President; though a preference was expressed for Mr. WINGATE, of New York, or Gen. Cass of Ohio. Either of these gentlemen, or Mr. WOODHAMS of New Hampshire, would form with Mr. CALHOUN, a ticket altogether equal in intellect, experience, and spotless purity, to any ever presented to the American people for these high offices.

The Tariff Bill.

The big Tariff Bill, as it is called, lately vetoed by President Tyler, has again passed the House of Representatives, and no doubt the Senate also, although it was yet before that body at the last dates. There was a great struggle to get it through the House, and its passage was finally accomplished only by the bare majority of 2 votes, as will be seen from the yeas and nays which are given below.—The present bill differs from the one vetoed only as to the distribution clause and the tax on tea and coffee, which were stricken out, to accommodate it to the scruples of the President. The remarks of the *Globe*, on the final passage, explain the reason of the small majority.

It was expected to pass the Senate, and no doubt

was entertained of its receiving the President's signature. The yeas and nays on the passage of the bill were as follows:

Yea.—Messrs. Allen, Landaff W. Andrews, Sherrill, J. Andrews, Appleton, Ayer, Babcock, Baker, Barard, Barton, Besson, Bidack, Birdseye, Blair, Boardman, Borden, Briggs, Brockway, Charles Brown, Jeremiah Brown, Bournell, Calhoun, Childs, Chittenden, John C. Clark, J. Cooper, Cowen, Cranton, Cushing, G. Davis, R. D. Davis, John Edwards, Everett, Ferris, Fessenden, Fillmore, Gerry, Giddings, Patrick G. Goode, Gordon, Granger, Gustine, Hall, Halsted, House, Howard, Hudson, Amt. C. J. Ingalls, J. R. Ingalls, James Irvin, W. W. Irwin, Keen, John P. Kennedy, Robert McCellan, McKenna, Thomas P. Marshall, Samson Mason, Mattocks, Maxwell, Maynard, Moore, Morgan, Morris, Morrow, Newhard, Osborne, Parmenter, Pearce, Plumer, Pope, Powell, Profit, Ramsey, Bonj. Randall, Alexander Randall, Randolph, Read, Ridgway, Riggs, Rodney, William Russell, Salmonstall, Lansford, Slade, Truman Smith, Solters, Stratton, John T. Sturt, Taliferro, Richard W. Thompson, Tillinghast, Toland, Tomlinson, Troubll, Van Buren, Van Rensselaer, Wallace, Ward, Edward D. White, Thomas W. Williams, Joseph L. Williams, York, Augustus Young—103.

Nay.—Messrs. Adams, Arnold, Arrington, Atkinson, Black, Botts, Boyd, Aaron V. Brown, Mattoon, Brown, Burke, William O. Butler, Green W. Caldwell, Patrick C. Caldwell, J. Campbell, William B. Campbell, Carver, Cary, Casey, Chilcott, Clinton, Colquitt, M. A. Cooper, Cravens, Cross, Daniel Dawson, Dean, Deseray, Doan, Doug, John G. Edwards, Egbert, John G. Floyd, A. L. Foster, Thomas F. Foster, Gamble, Geary, Gilmer, Goggins, Wm. O. Goode, Graham, Green, Hopkins, Houston, Hubbard, Hunter, Wm. Kenney, King, Lane, Lewis, Linn, Littlefield, Abraham McClellan, McKay, McKeon, Mallory, John Owsley, Payne, Raynor, Reding, Reynolds, Rhett, Rogers, Roosevelt, Saunders, Shaw, Sheppard, Shelds, Wm. Smith, Spragg, Steenoel, Suemers, Suster, John B. Thompson, Troelst, Turney, Underwood, Warren, Washington, Watterson, Weller, James W. Williams, C. H. Williams, Wise, Wood—103.

So the Bill was passed.

Mr. MAGE C. PENDLETON has become the sole proprietor of the "Carolina Watchman" in this place, having purchased the interest of his late co-partner.

Party Recklessness.

It does seem that some of the Whigs are determined if they cannot rule the country, to destroy all law, all order, and all Government. As a proof of this we refer the reader to the proceedings in the Ohio Legislature which may be found in this week's paper. Can it be possible that any Whig in North Carolina will for a moment withhold his most unqualified condemnation of these treasonable proceedings? Surely every man should condemn them, but we apprehend that even here, there may be found those whom the delusions of party spirit have so infatuated as to induce an open justification of these acts of outrage and treason.

Well it is that the People are everywhere opening their eyes to the true character and real de-signs of Whiggery unmasked. Were it otherwise a deep interest in the proceedings of the meeting. That veteran Democrat, Dr. STEPHEN FOX, presided, assisted by Capt. JOHN WALKER, Col. HENRY HOOVER, and CALER ERWIN and ROBERT LEXONIS, Esqrs., as Vice Presidents, Secretaries, J. K. HARRISON and J. S. ALEXANDER. A Committee was appointed, who reported a preamble and resolution nominating the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, of South Carolina, as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency—subject to the continu-

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The Raleigh Register throws a line ahead to prepare the public mind for the holding on of Mr. Senator Mangum to his place, in spite of the Democratic victory in the State. The Whig organ thinks that any action of the Legislature will give Mr. Mangum "very little uneasiness." The Register may be right in this, but we shall see whether Mr. M. will venture to contemn and disregard the expressed popular will of North Carolina, by continuing to misrepresent the State, for the sake of filling a seat in the United States Senate, without honor.

The Treaty.

The Treaty between this Government and the English, for the settlement of the North Eastern Boundary, has been ratified by the Senate by a vote of 39 to 9. The details of course are not yet made public.

Congress.

We learn from the Hon. G. W. Caldwell who passed through town to day on his return home, that Congress adjourned on Wednesday last.

The Tariff Bill had passed the Senate, and received the President's signature.

Congress having adjourned on Wednesday, the dinner to Mr. Calhoun at Shocco comes off to day. We should like marvellously to "be there" to see."

From the Mecklenburg *Jeffersonian* of August 30.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

In obedience to public notice, a large number of the citizens of Mecklenburg and the adjoining counties assembled in the Court-House in Charlotte on the 24th instant. On motion, Col. WILLIAM J. ALEXANDER took the Chair, and Drs. STEPHEN FOX and JAMES L. GATES, acted as Vice Presidents, and J. W. HAMPTON and I. S. ALEXANDER, Secretaries. Upon a call from the Chair, James W. Osborne, Esq., rose, and in a few appropriate remarks explained the object of the meeting to be the adoption of measures for erecting a suitable monument in the Town of Charlotte, commemorative of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence on the 20th May, 1775. He concluded by offering the following resolution:

Resolved, That Wm. J. Alexander, Wm. Lee Dawson, Dr. Stephen Fox, Benjamin Morrow, Thomas L. Grier, Daniel M. Barringer, John Pfleider, Dr. Winslow Alexander, Charles T. Alexander, Sr., James W. Osborne, H. C. Jones, Joseph W. Hampton, Hon. Fredric Nash, David E. Caldwell, Joseph H. Wilson, John Walker, Michael Hale, John D. Graham, Ephraim Brevard, Burton Grange, George F. Davison, Patrick J. Wilson, Charles T. Alexander, Jr., Alexander W. Brandon, Charles Fisher, Hampton, Bryan, John Hill, Wm. M. Morehead, L. D. Henry, David L. Swain, Wm. Gaston, Edward B. Dudley, R. M. Saunders, T. A. Avery, William Dixon, Gen. A. F. Gaston, Wm. A. Graham, John G. Byrnes, Dr. Joseph W. Ross, W. A. Harris, Dr. Cyrus Hunter, John Irwin, Dr. William Johnston, James B. Knox, Augustus Alexander, Eleazar Alexander, T. N. Alexander, Bartlett Shipp, W. B. Alexander, John H. Wheeler, Col. Cad. Jones, Gen. Paul Barringer, Hon. Thomas Rutlin, Alfred M. Burton, Hon. J. R. Davis, Jos. McD. Carson, Duncan Cameron, Gen. James Irredell, George E. Balzer, William H. Haywood, Jonathan Downes, James H. Morrison, Thomas G. Polk, Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, John Robinson, D. D. Charles W. Haines, Daniel Coleman, Dr. Cyrus Alexander, Samuel Morrison, David White, Dr. D. T. Caldwell, Alexander Caldwell, Dr. John F. Harris, William F. Pfleider, and Robert Kirkpatrick, and such others as may be hereafter named, be appointed Directors of the Monument Association, and that they proceed to collect subscriptions, and take other measures for erecting a monument on the spot

where the Declaration of Independence was made on the 20th May, 1775.

That the above named gentlemen, or a majority of them, cause a memorial to be addressed to the next General Assembly, praying to be incorporated under the name and style of "The Mecklenburg Monument Association;" and that they proceed to appoint agents in the different parts of the State for the purpose of raising funds for the above purpose. Resolved, Also, that they petition the said General Assembly for an appropriation to assist in this truly patriotic undertaking.

These Resolutions were advocated by the mover, and Messrs. CALDWELL and JONES of Rowan, in pertinent and feeling addresses, and unanimously adopted.

On motion, it was ordered, that these proceedings be published in the Charlotte papers, with a request to the other papers of the State to copy them.

W. J. ALEXANDER, President.
S. FOX, Vice President.
T. L. GRIER, Vice President.

J. W. HAMPTON, Secretary.
I. S. ALEXANDER, Secretary.

At a meeting of a portion of the members of the Association, on Thursday evening, the following Resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That a committee composed of the following gentlemen:

Frederick Nash, W. J. Alexander, D. F. Caldwell, J. W. Osborne, H. C. Jones, John Palmer, F. Barringer, Jno. W. Wheeler, Michael Hale, Isaac T. Avery, Charles Fisher, John McD. Carson, Robert Strange, James Irredell, D. L. Swain, William H. Haywood Jr., John G. Floyd, A. L. Foster, Thomas F. Foster, George C. Hayes, Gilmer, Goggins, Wm. O. Goode, Graham, Green, Hopkins, Houston, Harris, Hastings, Haynes, Holmes, Hopkins, Houston, Hubbard, Hunter, Wm. Kenney, King, Lane, Lewis, Linn, Littlefield, Abraham McClellan, McKay, McKeon, Mallory, John Owsley, Payne, Raynor, Reding, Reynolds, Rhett, Rogers, Roosevelt, Saunders, Shaw, Sheppard, Shelds, Wm. Smith, Spragg, Steenoel, Suemers, Suster, John B. Thompson, Troelst, Turney, Underwood, Warren, Washington, Watterson, Weller, James W. Williams, C. H. Williams, Wise, Wood—103.

So the Bill was passed.

Mr. MAGE C. PENDLETON has become the sole proprietor of the "Carolina Watchman" in this place, having purchased the interest of his late co-partner.

Party Recklessness.

It does seem that some of the Whigs are determined if they cannot rule the country, to destroy all law, all order, and all Government. As a proof of this we refer the reader to the proceedings in the Ohio Legislature which may be found in this week's paper. Can it be possible that any Whig in North Carolina will for a moment withhold his most unqualified condemnation of these treasonable proceedings?

Surely every man should condemn them, but we apprehend that even here, there may be found those whom the delusions of party spirit have so infatuated as to induce an open justification of these acts of outrage and treason.

Well it is that the People are everywhere opening their eyes to the true character and real de-signs of Whiggery unmasked. Were it otherwise a deep interest in the proceedings of the meeting.

That veteran Democrat, Dr. STEPHEN FOX, presided, assisted by Capt. JOHN WALKER, Col. HENRY HOOVER, and CALER ERWIN and ROBERT LEXONIS, Esqrs., as Vice Presidents, Secretaries, J. K. HARRISON and J. S. ALEXANDER. A Committee was appointed, who reported a preamble and resolution nominating the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, of South Carolina, as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency—subject to the continu-

ing of these acts of outrage and treason.

The Raleigh Register throws a line ahead to prepare the public mind for the holding on of Mr. Senator Mangum to his place, in spite of the Democratic victory in the State. The Whig organ thinks that any action of the Legislature will give Mr. Mangum "very little uneasiness."

The Register may be right in this, but we shall see whether Mr. M. will venture to contemn and disregard the expressed popular will of North Carolina, by continuing to misrepresent the State, for the sake of filling a seat in the United States Senate, without honor.

The Committee who drew the preamble and resolution did not hand them in in time for this week's paper; they will appear in our next. In the mean time, we would urge upon the friends of this distinguished statesman, to speak out in his favor in their primary assemblies, as old Mecklenburg has done. Here, where the sacred fire of liberty first burst forth in the Revolution, Mr. CALHOUN has received his first formal nomination. May this not be prophetic? As the Declaration of Independence made here by the Democratic worthies of 75, spread its influence throughout the Colonies, and roused to action the slumbering energies of the friends of liberty, so may this nomination, made on the same hallowed spot, rouse to action the friends of free principles in all parts of the Union, and lead them to rally around the standard of the greatest statesman and purest patriot of the age. Mr. CALHOUN is the almost unanimous choice of the Democracy throughout the Southern States; and we have not the least doubt, from the tone of the public press at the north, and from other sources of information, that he is stronger even there than any other man spoken of in the Democratic ranks.

The meeting made no nomination for Vice President; though a preference was expressed for Mr. WINGATE, of New York, or Gen. Cass of Ohio.

Either of these gentlemen, or Mr. WOODHAMS of New Hampshire, would form with Mr. CALHOUN, a ticket altogether equal in intellect, experience, and spotless purity, to any ever presented to the American people for these high offices.

So the Bill was passed.

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